

The PARSON'S

GARLAND

Composed of several Excellent

New Songs.

- I. The Parson and Boy.
- II. Truth laid open; or, Every Man's Duty discovered according to his Circumstances.
- III. The Amorous Lovers.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.

The Parson's GARLAND &c.

The Parson and Boy.

NOW Winter's coming on,
 And Christmas is drawing near,
 We've nothing to eat, nor to drink,
 Yet we'll have some Christmas Chear.
 Fal, &c.

The Parson has got a fat Weather,
 As ever was fed with Corn or Grass,
 I'll put a Crust of Bread in my Pocket,
 And tice it to our House.

Now little Billy sits in the Corner 
 And merrily he does smile,
 O Father if you'll kill the Parson's fat Weather,
 I'll get some Strycks to make it boil.

Now little Billy is gone to the Wood;
 And merrily he does sing,
 My Father has stole the Parson's fat Weather,
 But I'll not tell for any Thing.

The Parson was standing by,
 And leaning over an Oak,
 If you'll sing that Song in the Church To-morrow
 I'll give you a Gown and a Coat.

Now the Parson is gone to the Church,
 His Congregation all in view,
 I have a Boy that will come by and by
 Will sing you a Song that is true.

Now

Now little *Billy* is gone to Church,
 And merrily he does sing,
 I catch'd the Parson in Bed with my Mother,
 But I'll not tell for any Thing.

Thou art a Liar the Parson did say,
I n ver your Mother did barm,
I never was at your House in my Life,
But once for a Pennyworth of Barm.

Thou art a Liar, says little *Billy*,
 As sure as e'er thou kneelest at Prayers,
 I catch'd thee in Bed with my Mother,
 And tumbled thee down the Stairs.

Thou art a Liar, says little Billy,
As sure as thou art on thy Knees,
Did I not catch thee in Bed with my Mother,
With thy Breeches about thy Heels.

Thou art a Liar, then says the Parson,
 That's not the Thing that brought you hither
 Did you not sing me a Song Yesterday,
 Your Father had stole the Parson's Weather,

Thou art a Liar, says little Billy,
Of what you have been saying now,
Did not I catch thee in Bed with my Mother,
And did you not promise to give me a Cow.

Thou art a Liar, says the Parson,
 Thou shalt be whipped with a Rod of Birch,
 Thou shalt be put in the Stocks To-morrow,
 For telling such Lies in the Church.

Fal, &c. The

A New S O N G.

Tune, *Gently touch the warbling Lyre,*

WHILST you jant it up and down,
Through the noisy, restless Town,
Viewing Fashions fludying Man,
Still *a Here and there-ian,*
Or at Plays admiring fit,
Harlequin's prodigious Wit.

How dy'e think my Hours I spend?
Fancy thus, poor Country Friend;
With fresh Air and Exercise,
Driving far Disease and Vice,
Lull'd at Night with calm Repose,
What your City little knows.

Nothing interrupts my Ease,
But I rise whenever I please:
Careless dress and plainly feed,
In the Grove I walk and read.
With easy Pad I take the Air.
Now and then I course the Hare.

Cleanly *Phyllis* sets my Salt,
Trusty *Roger* brews my Malt:
Cheerful Neighbours at my Call,
When dispos'd to chat withall:
Thus unknown to Fame and Strife,
Stealing thro' the Vale of Life,

Tru

*Truth laid open; or, Every Man's Duty discovered
according to his Circumstances.*

To the Tune of, We'll never be drunk again.

Gentlemen, pray sit you merry,
I'll sing you a Song of a Want;
I'll make you as Merry as may be,
Now Money begins to grow scant.
A Woman without e'er a Tongue,
She never can scold very loud;
Tis just such another sad Want,
When a Bailad-singer wants a Crowd.

These Lines they are absolute new,
Good People I tell unto you;
I much despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty's both merry and true.
A Ship that's without e'er a Sail,
May be driven we know not whither;
Tis just such another sad Want,
When a Shoemaker wants his Leather.

A Man that has got but one Leg,
Will make but a pityful Runner;
And he that has never an Eye,
Will make but a sorrowful Gunner.
A Doctor without e'er a Stomach,
Will make but a pityful Dinner;

And

And he that has got no Victuals,
Will quickly look thinner and thinner.

A Bell that's without e'er a Clapper,
Will make but a sorrowful Sound,
And he that cannot get some Land,
May work on another Man's Ground.

A Smith without a Pair o' Bellows,
He need not to rise very soon:
And he that has got no Clothes,
May lie in Bed till 'ris Noon.

An Ale-House without any Custom,
Will never get store of Wealth;
And if he has got near a Sign,
He may go and hang himself.

A Miller who is without Stones,
Can be but a sorrowful Soul;
And if he has no Corn to grind,
He need not stand taking of Toll.

A Taylor we know he is loath,
To take any Cabbage at all,
If he has but Silk, Stuff or Cloth,
To do the good Office withal.

A Woman without e'er a Fault,
She like a bright Star doth appear:
But a Brewer without any Malt,
Will make very pityful Beer.

A Man that has but one Shirt,
When e'er it is wash'd from his Side,
I hope it can be no great harm,
To lie in Bed till 'tis full dry.

A Moun-

A Mountebank without his Fool,
 A Skip-kennel turn'd out of Place,
 And a Tinker without any Tools,
 They're all in a pityful Case.

You know that a Dish of good Meat,
 Is the Staff and Support of Man's Life,
 And he that has nothing to eat,
 Needs not to draw out his Knife.

A Pedlar without e'er a Pack,
 It makes him look pityful blue,
 And a Shepherd without e'er a Flock
 Has little or nothing to do.

A Farmer without any Corn,
 He neither can give, sell, nor lend:
 And a Huntsman without e'er a Horn,
 His Wife she may stand his good Friend.

A Plowman that has ne'er a Plough,
 I think he may live at his Ease:
 And a Dairy without e'er a Cow,
 Will make but bad Butter and Cheese.

A Man that is pityful Poor,
 Has little or nothing to lose;
 And he that has never a Foot,
 It will save him the buying of Shoes.

A Warren without e'er a Coney,
 Is barren, and so much the worse:
 And he that is quite out of Money,
 He hath no need of a Purse.

I hope there is none in this Place,
 That are displeas'd with my Song;
 Come buy up my Ballads apace,
 And I'll pack up my Awls and begone.



The AMOROUS LOVERS.

Come, my Beauty, let us be merry,
 Mixing Joys with great Delight,
 O let us love, and never be weary,
 Courting, Sporting, Day and Night:
 Let us not loose one Moment's Pleasure,
 But with vigorous Love pursue,
 We are not confin'd to Measure,
 For our Joy shall still renew.

O mutual Freedom is a Jewel,
 When with generous Love it is repaid,
 O never to each be cruel,
 But sustain what Nature made;
 When I view thy charming Features,
 Then with Raptures I am carrels'd,
 You are the loveliest of all Creatures,
 And with you alone I'm truly blest.

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Nature has made you so endearing,
 Without the Help of any Art,
 I cannot rest without declaring,
 It is you alone has won my Heart:
 I will never be a rover,
 For I am happy in your Charms,
 I'll not change you for another,
 I could die within your Arms.

F I N I S.